

Religious Department.

R. W. MALCOLM, Editor.

THE PREACHER vs. THE PASTOR

The theory of pastoral visiting held by most church members of every denomination, is about like this:—The minister ought to visit every family in his parish as often as once in three months, besides attending specially to the sick and seeing personally to all the various objects connected with the church, that require supervision.

Now if that is the theory, I say to begin with, it cannot be done, even in the small country churches of Vermont; that is, it cannot be done without neglecting the preparation for the pulpit. Our people everywhere, even in what are termed "backwoods" neighborhoods, are hungry for thoughtful, well-digested sermons. The age demands the utmost stretch of the preacher's ability. Hard study and a great deal of it is required to keep up with the advancing thought of the age. There is a theory with some that depth of piety will compensate for intellectual laziness. It is not the fact. Spiritual power and neglect of hard study do not subsist together in a pastor's mind. What then can be done? Must we settle down into a *via media* of inefficiency, half doing our pastoral work and half studying our sermons? I am not satisfied with that; I am not satisfied to neglect my study at all. Nor do I believe such neglect will be called for, when we learn to organize our forces and teach our people to work themselves. The truth is, many pastors are so useful and efficient that they are a curse to the church. They are willing to do all the work and their people are willing they should. Indeed, some wealthy church members pay liberally with a tacit understanding that they shall do nothing else.

I don't know how to organize my forces, so that like a general at headquarters I can send out my orders and receive dispatches, but I believe it can be done. My people don't need a "revival," technically so called, so much as they need training in various things that they can do for the church. When they are all thoroughly at work, each filling his place, and his own place, the revival will come of itself. That is my theory. In the agony of doubt and anxiety about pastoral work, I have settled upon so much for a basis, and I am looking for more light.

Certainly I am not so radical as to mean that a pastor can afford to seclude himself from his people. He will need to know them all and know them well.

I would suggest here that it might be well, as a basis for pastoral work, for a religious census to be taken of our several communities, in which the standing of every family should be stated, and that a pastoral committee of young and active workers should be set about the business. But I presume others will have plans also. It is the organizers that will help us out of the strait betwixt the two.

If any christian worker has a thought upon this topic, eagerly will it be considered by

AN EARNEST INQUIRER.

A BETTER LOOKING JOB.

"O, mother, I love you so much, what can I do to help you?" said a little six-year-old, while his chubby arms were clinging around his mother's neck, and his soft, rosy lips were pressing kiss after kiss upon her face and hands. "What can you do?"—well, there are some kindlings under the stove; you can pick them up and put them into the wood box." "Oh, no! I don't want to do that!" "Why not, my little pet?" "Oh, because," said he, raising his black eyes, twinkling with mischief, to his mother's face, "I want to do a better looking job than that."

I was impressed with the remark, for, I thought to myself, that is just the trouble, in a greater or less degree, with all the rest of us. We all, or at least the most of us, are anxious to do something in this great, busy, bustling machine shop in which we live, but we most ardently desire that it may be a good looking something. How often do we that profess to be valiant soldiers in the army of Prince Immanuel, bravely marching with martial tread under his blood-stained banner, how often do we kneel with words of devotion upon our lips and say, "O, Lord, I love Thee; Thou knowest I love Thee; teach me to know Thy will, and what Thou wouldst have me do;" but when some little duty is presented, if not just to our minds, we turn away with sadness, while our emotions if framed in to thought, or clothed with language would be, "O, Lord, I want a better looking job!" How often do we big children fold our hands and sigh over our one poor talent, and that we can do so little good in the world; but when we are called to do some little thing, when the voice wither the heart says, "Go speak a kind word to that poor old man, or give a smile to that ragged little boy playing in the street, or send a loaf of bread to his destitute mother, we turn up our noses in disgust at such little things and act the sentiment which perhaps we do not express. "Anybody can do that, but as for me, I want a better looking job!" If the little boy who wanted the better looking job had been requested to fit a dress, make pies, or anything else equally beyond his

ability, he doubtless would have laughed with delight. Is it not so with us? Ever striving for some great attainment; something beyond our reach, forgetting that the great world is composed of only atoms, and that we are surrounded by little duties which if well performed will make our humble lives truly sublime. Then let us no longer think if we cannot preach or pray like neighbor A., or talk as fluently as sister B., or do some great thing to make the world stare with astonishment, that we can find nothing worthy our time and attention. Few of us are ever called to perform great or wonderful deeds. As our lives are composed of little minutes, so they are mostly of small duties. Perhaps here is a lesson from a little six-year-old; for he, after candidly thinking the matter over for just a minute, ran and quickly scribbling up the kindlings, put them where he was bidden. If we ever do as well; if we learn to perform with cheerfulness all the little insignificant, poor looking jobs, although we may be longing to do something bigger and smarter; if we learn to spend our lives running to and fro, doing little errands for the Great Master; when the sun of life is sinking behind the western horizon, and we cast a retrospective glance over the past, we shall then see that each little act has become great, and our hearts will throb with pleasure as we see that we could not have had a "better looking job" to do.

PRAYER.

Mark how the flower, whose drooping bell would lose the liveliest freshness of the night, does, types the frail creature in the dust that lies, life it, and drinks the beauty of the next day.

So hold thy heart out, like the lily's cup, And God's own hand shall fill the goblet up With vital air, or virgin snow, Whichever earth inspires, and Heaven bestows.

—From *Old and New*.

HOPEFUL PROSPECTS IN JAPAN.

A young gentleman from this country, who is engaged by the Japanese government as a teacher of a scientific school in one of their interior provinces, presents, in a private letter, some of the hopeful aspects of affairs in that interesting country.

"I am under no restrictions in teaching the gospel here. I speak freely of it to the few who understand English. On Sabbath morning I read the New Testament with five of my most intelligent pupils, and they have also a Chinese and Japanese translation. They are well aware that they are liable to be stopped or even arrested at any moment for it. Yet they are determined to learn what the christian religion really is. One of them was a Buddhist priest, who renounced the priesthood to become a scientific teacher; he is really a fine scholar, and eagerly reads the bible.

My interpreter read me an extract from a Japanese newspaper, published in Miako, giving a full account of Mrs. Pray's arrival at Yokohama, and of her object in opening the school for girls under the auspices of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, adding that they hoped it would be the beginning of female education in Japan. I have received intimations from more than one high officer, that female education in this country is an idea so definite, that steps will soon be taken to turn it into fact.

One of the agencies for the good of Japan I have faith in, and wish God speed to, is that society. As soon as I came here and saw the situation, I saw that the homes must be reached, and that the mightiest agency for good would be woman's presence and consecrated labor. When I met the Daimios and the High Council, as I often did to discuss plans of reform and civilization, I claimed first of all that Japan must educate her women, and I have constantly held to the idea in frequently conversing with Japanese gentlemen, that all their borrowed civilization was powerless to reach the people until their homes and their wives and daughters prepared the way for future generations of elevated manhood and womanhood. I watch and pray for the success of Mrs. Pray's experiment, with more than ordinary interest. These christian ladies have come here to help elevate and christianize the Japanese women. My fondest hope is, that they and more to come will prepare for the glorious day when Japan shall be fully opened to the gospel. My surest ground for faith in its success, is in the union spirit of the society.

PRAYING AND WORKING.—I like that saying of Martin Luther, when he says, "I have so much business to do to-day that I shall not get through it with less than three hours' prayer." Now most people would say, "I have so much business to do to-day that I have only three minutes for prayer; I cannot afford the time."

But Luther thought that the more he had to do the more he must pray, or else he could not get through it. That is a blessed kind of logic; may we understand it!—C. H. SPRUEGE.

A vigorous movement is going on in England, with which Lord Shaftesbury is prominently connected, to secure the "disappearance of the Athenian creed so far as regards the public church services." This is connected with propositions for other ecclesiastical reforms, including an increased representation of laity in the church, and may be regarded as in some sense counter to the plans for disestablishment, which are not wholly without friends even in the church itself.

REVIVING ANTIQUATED ABSURDITIES.—The monastic establishments which have been suppressed in England for three hundred years, are reviving again there with much vigor. The principal orders of monks like the Benedictine, Dominican, Capuchin, Augustinian, and others, are founding their monasteries, selecting choice localities for the purpose.

A RELIGIOUS CAMPAIGN.—The Young Men's Christian Association of Boston have arranged a series of religious meetings to be continued through seventy-five days in forty cities and towns of Massachusetts, for the spiritual benefit of the young men of the state. They will be conducted by members of the committee aided by Mr. K. A. Bunnell of Wisconsin.

Agricultural Department

I. D. R. COLLINS, Editor.

PRACTICAL HINTS ABOUT PASTURES.

When it becomes necessary to renew pastures for the sake of the grass as pastures (manure, of course, if you can) be sure to sow a good variety of grass seed. In addition to the usual clover and herd-grass (timothy) sow red-top, June grass, orchard grass, and any kind you can find that suits the soil. There is often a loss in breaking up pastures for renewal, because bountiful nature, which is ever ready to aid the farmer, furnishes in the course of time a variety of grasses, which, when turned down, cannot be immediately replaced by seeding with one or two kinds only. Hence the necessity of waiting for Dame Nature to supply the deficit.

When seeding down stock should not be turned on to it till the grass has got well rooted, so that it will not be killed by being punched out of the ground by the feet of the cattle, or pulled up root and branch, in feeding. Mow early as you would a lawn, and it will soon thicken. Let your cattle on when ready, in late summer or early fall, when the ground is firm and the grass well rooted. Divide pastures when practicable, so as to feed more evenly, and prevent the grass from running to seed. Stock like occasional changes. They will do better.

Just before a rain storm go with a hoe or long handled shovel and scatter the lumps of manure over the pasture, and let it wash into the ground.

When the droppings are left to bake and dry up they are wasted. It is a good time also to sow plaster to keep the long use of the pasture without breaking it up.—*American Farm Journal*.

SHEEP PROSPECTS.

Referring to the prospects in sheep husbandry, a late number of the New York Live Stock Journal says: "On every side we hear the jubilant notes of the sheep men. They have passed through the bluest period known for many years and are quite deserving a reform of their interest. It appears quite evident that wool will bear remunerating prices for a few years to come, and those now in the business well feel exhilarated at the prospect. But we trust that the whole farming world will not get crazy and repeat the old folly of going into sheep raising, to be followed in a few years by the usual result—a sheep pen on every length of fence. These periodical excitements sweep thousands from a safe business of experiment, and many of them bring up at a Sheriff's sale upon their own premises. We hope every farmer will stick to the business he understands, and let the 'wool gathering' alone. In the best days of the industry it is certain that even the greatest prices of dairy products are more remunerative than wool at seventy cents. The most profitable sheep raising must be upon cheap lands and where grain abounds. The Western plains, opened up by the Pacific railroads may no doubt, be profitably occupied with sheep even when prices fall to forty cents.

With an experience which has not faded from the memory of the majority of farmers throughout this country, and which will always be remembered with anything but pleasing recollections by many, it is hardly probable that the sheep mania will very soon take possession of the people. Where circumstances and conditions are favorable to sheep husbandry, the attention will be paid to it, probably, than has been for some years past. All farmers, however, or at least the greater part of them, should keep a few sheep. With proper management they can always be made to pay. Where large flocks cannot be made profitable a few should be kept. As we have said repeatedly, no meat can be raised as cheap as mutton, not even chickens, and the instances are very rare when the fleece of a good sheep will not pay for the care and feed he will require.

DISINFECTING BY HEAT.—We learn from English exchanges that the corporation of Dublin have constructed a hot air chamber, in which clothes and bedding are disinfected for the public at a moderate charge. The walls and ceiling of the chamber are lined with bricks, and the floor is made of brick, and its floor of perforated iron plate. The heat is supplied from the interior surface of a coal pipe, eighty feet in length, which acts as part of the furnace flue. The products of combustion escape into the atmosphere without passing into the close chamber, and no emanations from the infected clothes can pass into the open air; this disinfecting apparatus cannot, therefore, harm the atmosphere of the locality. Clothes can be disinfected in a common oven, the theory being that contagious germs are destroyed at a heat considerably lower than that at which the goods would be injured.

UPS AND DOWNS OF FARMING.

The manufacturer can test a new machine, and decide by a few simple trials whether it will answer the desired purpose cheaper or better than the old one; but to ascertain how a pound of beef or pork can be made the cheapest, or how to convert hay into rich butter and cheese, requires some knowledge of animal physiology and chemistry, as well as considerable practical skill. Some farmers take no pains to make, save and compost their stall manure, so that the little they have lost the best part of its fertilizing elements; then, instead of applying this manure, a small field of corn, they make it answer for a large field of exhausted soil, trusting to a good season to make up for the paucity of the manuring. If the season is unfavorable the crop fails, and the farmer grumbles and lays the blame to the season, whereas, had he put all the manure on half the land he would have got a larger crop and saved the labor and expense of planting and tending so large a surface. Recently I read of a farmer who bought a yoke of old and very poor oxen to fatten on his surplus corn; the result was the hungry, half-starved creatures soon consumed their weight in corn-meal, with a very light increase of fat and flesh. It is only on this side the Atlantic that farmers can afford to make such blunders. In England the farmer has to pay from \$5 to \$15 and \$20 an acre for his land, he must be wide awake; hence he buys young, thrifty cattle to fatten on his beets, turnips, oil cake, straw, and other forage crops, and he sells a great many well and quickly grown pigs, but no old slow-growing hogs. But while I criticize the management of others, let me confess my own shortcomings in the premises, owing to my own ignorance and the very low state of agricultural knowledge when I first commenced housekeeping. As my neighbors took no pains to stable their cows

in a winter's night, although I had a stable, I also suffered my cow to lie out in the cold. Instead of buying a thrifty young pig to put in my pen, I bought a very cheap, lean old barrow that had run two years foraging for himself on the streets and roads. I expected his large frame to be clear gain, and that all he ate would go to flesh and fat; but like Pharoah's lean kine, the more he ate the worse he looked for a long time, and he ate all before him. It was the first and the dearest pork I ever made; but I learned from a very dear experience what few farmers had learned in that day. The practice then in fattening hogs to make a pen of oak rails, with a few rails laid across one corner, and covered with sods and straw, under which the hogs slept. Corn in the ear was thrown to them, which they ate as they could, and then rooted for the shellings in the mud and excrements. But such farming is now obsolete, in this region at least.—*S. W. in N. Y. World*.

IT DOES NOT PAY TO FARM.

"It does not pay to farm," is what is now heard on every hand. "I can live easier on the interest of my money and be rid of the care of the farm," says the wealthy man. "It is too hard work, and I can never pay for the farm in such times as these," says the young man without means.

Perhaps the wealthy can live easier to loan their money, and young men find other pursuits an easier livelihood. But what then? If all the wealthy are to be idle, and all the poor seek the easiest living, who are to be the producers? The waves of the ocean may crowd one another upon the land, but the time comes when they must seek their proper level. This rule is simple and universal, and in application—that things regulate themselves. As the winds and storms may keep the ocean wave upon the land for a time, so the allurements of ease and the want of energy may cause farming not to pay.

But my rule is this: That upon a farm rightly managed there is always something that pays. It may be cattle, it may be sheep, it may be selling of produce, or it is in something a sure source of profit. The unprofitableness of farming then consists in not perceiving the thing that pays. A safe rule is this: Keep a mixed stock, and not so much of either but that you can add a little to that which pays best now, and not diminish that which may pay best to-morrow. If butter is worth fifty cents per pound, do not convert all your stock into cows, for butter is an article that is governed by the ratio of supply to demand. Because your neighbor has made a fortune quickly and easily out of some one thing, do not stake your all upon a single venture. I have seen hogs sell one season for fifty cents per pound, and the next but five. In one case they paid a clear net profit of about one thousand dollars per acre, and in the other case they lost about six hundred dollars. The result: One-half of the farmers in the valley ruined. Farming did not pay.

Much of the discontent of farmers comes from the false statement of those whose advice is taken at par, who, designedly or otherwise, do not reckon correctly. Says a farmer who is a part owner in a large river farm, "Farming does not pay three per cent." Says, for instance, that he has invested ten thousand dollars in the share of the capital. At the end of the year he finds, taking out his salary, that he is just three hundred dollars better off, three per cent. on the capital. Farming does not pay! But let us reckon a little farther. He has supported a family in such style and dress that one thousand dollars has been expended. This is a little item, and looked in calculating the per cent. on invested capital, which, added to the three hundred, makes a per cent. more satisfactory than can be obtained in any other way. The wealthy, then, need seek no better investment for their money, even in these hard times, than the farm.

And now what can be said to induce the young men to stay upon the farm which they have bought with the reasonable hope that they can pay for it. In my judgment, the failure of the farm to pay young men is as much due to the style they support as to their mismanagement. Reason must be used in all things; and common sense teaches that pecuniary success depends entirely upon frugality within our means. For instance, if the farm pays thirty per cent. and only three per cent. is used in support of family, the residue, above the interest paid upon borrowed capital, can be used to diminish that capital.

The conclusion, then, must be that farming can be made to pay now by keeping in mind the ratio of the supply of any one thing produced to the demand of that article, and by greater economy in our expenditures. That farming may be made to pay better is unquestionable, but it is no good ground for so much discontent. The farmer who owns a Connecticut River farm, or any other of good location and productiveness, with a taste for farming, has no business to leave it for other pursuits or for homes in the West. No pursuit is more healthy, independent and profitable, and no home at the West can equal the one you have.

For the same reason, beauty or comfort, hence we must remain farmers and make the farm pay.—*Remond in Mirror and Farmer*.

A writer in the Horticulturist says he buys bones of the butcher at a dollar per hundred pounds, and considers them the cheapest fertilizer he can obtain. He transforms them into meal by the following simple and effective process: I have a large water-tight hoghead standing out-doors, near the kitchen. In the spring I load the bottom about six inches deep with dry soil. On this I put a layer of bones about the same depth, and cover them entirely with unleached ashes. On these another layer of bones, and so on until the hoghead is full. I leave it then exposed to the sun and rain all summer and winter, until the next spring. Then, on removing the contents of the hoghead, I find nearly all the bones so soft that they will crumble to powder under a very slight pressure, and mixed with the ashes and the soil, they give a nice little pile of most valuable manure, ready for immediate use. The bones are not sufficiently sublimed. I return to the hoghead again for another twelve month's slumber.

PLANT LICE.—Plant lice kill more apple trees than the borer, at least, in this section. Where is the remedy?

GRINDSTONES.—Do you leave the grindstone part in the water, and part in the sun? That will do, but one-half will wear out sooner than the other.

SOILS.—Surface soil and subsoil do well mixed. Each is deficient in what the other contains.

"GO, FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT."

(A young lady of New York was in the habit of writing for the Philadelphia Ledger on the subject of temperance. Her writings evoked such deep emotion that one of her reviewers said of her a name on the subject of temperance, whereupon she wrote the following stanza:—)

Go, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne—
Sink teeth the blows a father dealt,
And feel the cold world's scorn:
A sufferer from year to year—
The sole relief the suffering bear.

Go, kneel where I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray—
Stir the benighted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay:
Be kind with bitter course to stay:
Your prayers beseeched, your tears detain.

Go, weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall;
See every promised blessing swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall,
Life's falling flowers strewn all the way
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go, see what I have seen,
Behold the strong man low,
With quivering flesh, lips lashed in blood,
A cold and livid brow:
Go, catch his withering glance, and see
Those mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear, and feel, and see, and know,
All that my soul has felt and seen:
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,
See if its beauty can be won:
Think if its favor you will try,
When all proclaim, "This drink and die!"

Tell me I hate the bowl—
Hate it as I do—
I loathe—abhor—my very soul
With strong disgust is bowed:
When'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of that dark beverage of hell.

A LIVELY BEE FIGHT.

It appears that down in Pennsylvania they had a different sort of the Candlemas day, and that an old bear and her cubs came out and staid out. The Williamsport Gazette tells the following: Joseph Ellmaker and his wife have made a small clearing in Jackson township, Potter county, on which they have a log cabin, a small barn, several head of cattle, and a few pigs. About nine o'clock on Thursday evening, Mr. Ellmaker heard a great commotion among his cattle and pigs at the barn. On rushing out to ascertain the cause, imagine his surprise on finding that an old bear and two cubs had thrown down a calf and were preparing to drag it out of the yard. The cubs were running around snapping their teeth and uttering suppressed growls of delight at the prospect of a "square meal."

Mr. Ellmaker returned to the house at once, and made preparations to attack the bear—he seized his rifle, and his wife armed herself with a long-handled, double-bitted axe. Thus armed they advanced to the attack. The bears, made bold and ferocious by hunger, did not seem inclined to give up their prey. Rising upon her haunches the old bear, at first sight, at the cubs crouched behind her, snarling fiercely. Mr. Ellmaker raised his rifle and fired at the black monster, thinking that if she was killed the cubs could be easily dispatched or driven off. But he missed his aim, and only broke the fore-paw of the animal. With a fierce growl of rage the old bear rushed at his assailants, followed by the cubs. They stood their ground for a few minutes. Mr. Ellmaker, clubbing his rifle, while his wife cut one of the cubs severely in the shoulder with the axe.

The rage of the animals became fearful, and the danger of facing them at once became apparent. Retreating rapidly to the house, they barred the door and prepared to defend themselves. Mr. Ellmaker reloaded his rifle, and firing through the window killed a cub. The old bear now attempted to climb the house, but owing to her broken paw could not do so. Another shot from the rifle wounded her severely in the head, when she set up the most hideous howls of rage. The animals loitered around until midnight, when they retired and all became still. In the morning the old bear was found dead about six hundred yards from the house, and the cub lay where it fell in the early part of the engagement. The other had disappeared in the forest.

The two dead bears were secured and dressed. The old one weighed 380 pounds, and the cub 193.

"STOP—STOP!"—PLYMOUTH CONGREGATION PEZZLED.—As Mr. Beecher concluded his sermon yesterday morning he closed the Bible, and taking up the hymn book said in a clear and distinct tone:—

"Six hundred and seventy—hymn 670."

When the rustling of the leaves partially ceased, and the grand organ was emitting its rich music, Mr. Beecher listened to the first few notes with a puzzled air, gazing at the audience intently, and moving his head as if unable to catch the sound. Evidently something was wrong. Suddenly he arose, and turning about looked up to where the organist sat immediately over and back of the pulpit, and placing his hands upon his hips, called to the organist:—

"Say," said he "stop—stop that!"

The congregation looked at the pastor and then at the organist, and finally to the hymn book, not seeming to know what to do. The organ once more swelled forth, this time the right hymn, and the pastor and congregation were happy.

PRIVATE BAKER AND HIS GUN.—Private Baker was one of the most shiftless men in the regiment, and was continually receiving reprimands for his untidy appearance, and especially for having such a bad looking mustache. Some of the boys got after him, and told him if he would wash his gun, and all his old rust would come off. Resolved to save oil-grease at the expense of his stomach, Baker took his next ration of beans, boiled them down thick, and to make assurance doubly sure, filled his gun-barrel and coated it liberally on the outside the last thing before he turned in at night. In the morning Baker was detailed for sentry duty, and hastily rubbing off the outside of his piece, he quite forgot the contents of the barrel until time for inspection, when, in trying to "spring rammers," the officer in charge found the gun-barrel two-thirds full of dried bean soup, about the consistency of a tallow candle, and Baker had about ten hours' hard work at the guard-house boring out bean soup.

THE BEST ADVICE.—There is a well known custom prevailing in our criminal courts of assigning counsel to such persons as have no one to defend them. On one occasion, the Court finding a man accused of theft, and without counsel, said to a lawyer who was present:—"Mr. please to withdraw with the prisoner, confer with him, and then give him such counsel as may be best for his interest." The lawyer and his client then withdrew; and in fifteen or twenty minutes, the lawyer returned into court. "Where is the prisoner?" asked the Court.

"He has gone, your Honor," said the lawyer, "he has fallen ill, and I have told me to give him the best advice I could for his interest; and as he said he was guilty, I thought the best counsel I could offer him was to cut and run, which he took at once."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The joy of the dumb is always unspeakable.

Eve's droppings—fruit from the forbidden tree.

The Chicago Times says: The difference is just this: St. Louis is a brick city, but is settled by "wooden men." Chicago is a wooden city, but its inhabitants are "bricks."

Some idea of the vastness of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is had in the fact that no fewer than 14,000 persons were under its roof on the occasion of the royal thanksgiving.

A negro on trial for murder in Kentucky, sharing the general belief that he would be hung, sold his body to some medical students, who waxed very warm when their fondly anticipated subject was sentenced to six years' imprisonment.

A little waif that was picked up in Baxter street, Chicago, the other morning was asked if he had a mother, and replied: "I dunno, but I guess not, for when I run away this morning the old 'uns was quarrelin', and father had the hatchet."

The Mississippi Legislature adjourned in order to allow the members to attend the carnival in New Orleans, which reminds us that Judge Nuttall of Frankfort, Ky., once adjourned his court in order to allow the honorable members to see the elephant Hannibal swim across the Kentucky river.—*Murfreesboro (Tenn.) Monitor*.

There was always something irresistibly comic in the story they told to tell about a foppish passenger on a Mississippi boat, who, "just to have a little fun," jumped on shore at a landing, and, drawing a bowie knife, rushed up a gully-looking fellow at a wood pile, exclaiming, "I've found you at last—you're the man I've been looking for!" The gawky, looking at him curiously half a second, then straightened out his arm like a jib-boom, and knocked the fellow overboard into ten feet of water. Resuming his position against the wood pile, he looked up at the deck of the steamboat and drawled out, "Is there anybody else on this boat looking for me?"

A HORRIBLE DEATH.—On Thursday evening, a man named Robert Willard, started from Council Bluffs, Iowa, with his team toward his home a few miles in the country. Missing his way in the darkness, he drove over an embankment eleven feet high, overturning the wagon and disabling the horses. He was thrown headforemost into a hole about two feet deep formed by the water, and the wagon falling over him he could not extricate himself. The wagon and horses were immediately almost covered by a sand slide. Incredible as it may seem he lived until morning, standing on his head and suffering the most horrible agony for nine hours. He was formerly a man of large property, but now leaves his family in destitute circumstances.

While Lincoln Post was playing "The Drummer Boy" in Washington last winter, Gen. Logan, his wife, and several friends occupied one of the private boxes. In one scene, which presented the sufferings of our soldiers in a vivid manner, Mrs. L. was seen to put her handkerchief to her eyes in a very suspicious manner. The scene of the dead soldier's little, remaining her that it was only a play, and nothing to cry about. A little further along, one of the battle scenes brought the soldier to his feet, and, climbing half way out of the box on to the stage, the General forgot it was "only a play," and, striking his cane violently on the stage, he ripped out, "Go at them boys! Pitch into them! Give 'em hell boys! Don't em, Give 'em hell!"

Our next royal visitor, according to the latest European mails, will be Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia—a man in the prime of life, whose splendid military career invests him with an interest which outweighs his title, and gives him at home almost a warmer place in the hearts of the German people than is held by his cousin, Frederick William, the crown prince. It is said the emperor has often expressed to our minister his wish to send over to us a member of his household. He himself is now so old, that manifestly his son will not deem it safe to make long journeys from the throne to which he may be called at any moment. We hope the prince will bring his wife along too, for she is the finest looking dame of the German court; but probably he will come for pleasure.—*Watchman*.

BAD HABITS.—Understand clearly the reasons and all the reasons, why your habit is injurious. Study the subject till there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons, and the thoughts that lead to temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge the thoughts, that lead away from temptation. Keep busy: idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice, ten times, or a thousand times. That shows how much need there is for you to strive. When you have broken your resolution, just think the matter over, and endeavor to understand why it was that you failed, so that you may be your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think it a little or an easy thing that you have undertaken. It is folly to expect to break off bad habits in a day, which have been gathering strength in you for years.

In Boston, many years ago, there lived two young fellows, rather waggish in their ways, and who were in the habit of patronizing rather extensively a tailor by the name of Smith. Well, one day, into his shop these two young bloods stroled. Says one of them to "Smith, we're here making a bet. Now we want you to make each of us a suit of clothes; wait till the bet is decided, and the one that loses will pay the whole." "Certainly gentlemen; I shall be most happy to serve you," says Smith, and forthwith their measures were taken, and in due course of time the clothes were sent home. A month or two passed by, and our friend, the tailor, saw nothing of his customers. One day, however, he met them, and thinking it almost too late to ask them how their clothes fitted, "Oh! excellently," said one: "by the by, Smith, our bet isn't decided yet."

"Ah! says Smith, "what was it?" "Why, I bet that when Bunker Hill monument falls, it will fall toward the south. Well, here, took me up, and when the bet is decided we'll call and pay you that little bill." Smith's face stretched to double its usual length, but he soon recovered his wonted good humor.

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